WHAT THEN?

What if the day be cold and dark and long? What though I drag a burden through the street?

Men treat me coidly and affairs go wrong, But I to-night shall hear two little feet, And two soft hands shall stroke my weary And two sweet lips shall press against

What if I hear complaining only now; What though no one has friendly words

When men are coldest and the killing Weighs heaviest upon me through the

How sweet it is to leave my cares behind And rush to where I hold imperial sway; To dance my loving subject on my knee, To press his face against my own, to hear Him lisping baby words of praise for me, And feel and know again that God is

But, oh, if after some dark day, and long, When I have been pushed down by stronger men; If, after some sad day when things go

I should not hear his little feet-what Oh. if some night when, heavy-hearted, I Rush home to claim his loyalty again He should not meet me with his joyous

If he were gone-what then, alas! what -S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Daily News.



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CHAPTER IX .- CONTINUED.

The broad light from the window fell full upon him, showing him to be a man of but medium height, though stout and pale of His eyes were dark, his nose long and slightly dished at the bridge. The mouth was sensual, and bespoke his character at a glance, though his face was by no means coarse or weak. His brow was not broad, but it was smooth and open, and his brown hair, greatly puffed about his ears, was tied into a queue belind and profusely

But he was not a striking figure despite the gorgeous uniform of scarlet and gold adorned with the waistcoat ribbon and brilhant star of his knightly order. Something there was about him which impressed me with the littleness of his nature, and there was a lurk in his side glances wholly in compatible with an honest, fearless spirit. Undoubtedly he was a man proud of his rank and power-a man much given to selfcommunion and silence. His official standing was indicated by the simple heavy epaulet adorning his right shoulder. His sword, with its belt wrapped about it, he carried in

"I declare, madam," he said, as he straightened himself and walked to a handsomely appointed table, on which he de posited his sword, "you have braved the storm and stolen a march on me, as you promised. Have you other charms to pit against the terrors of tempest and earththus honor me. Do you find Lounsbury your liking?" And at he pronounces the name he recognized my presence by look and an almost imperceptible bending

'Now I protest, Sir Henry!" said Mrs. Badely, rising and affecting petulance as she adjusted her costume. "You interrupted me before I had come to conclusions. The affair is none of my making, and I am broken-hearted at its necessity. Oh, necessity is such a dreadful word!-is it not, Capt. Lounsbury? Really, Sir Henry, I supposed you would not come for an hour yet, but, now that you are here, I will leave you to settle with the captain while I look after my recreant ward. Sir Henry, I feared I would have found her with you. Ah! Capt. Lounsbury, one's children, be they ours by law or nature, are such a trial-such a trial! When shall I know of your decision, Sir Henry?" Then with an upward look and clearly affected archness, "You will honor me to-night, will you not, Sir Henry?"

What answer Clinton made I never knew. He held out his hand to her, the fall of lace from his cuff almost covering it, and with a step as unnatural as that in the minuet escorted her into the hall, closing the door behind him.

He was not absent long. I had but time take in the details of the elegantly furished apartment, from its carved ideplace chind the table to the carved caring of he window overlooking the Hudson, when entered rather hastily, his face no iger bearing its genial expression, and th something of a business-like air scated self at the table, motioning me to take

Before speaking he cast quick glances at ne, instantly removing his eye from mine as a most my gaze, but immediately returning the charge. Finally, he began quite

My heart leaped at the question, and I ulled myself together with the firm inof laying violent hands on him if he scovered the fraud, but I answered and with an unswerving look:

al Knyphausen has always vouched but you hardly appear the des-I had been led to expect. Your e and carriage make you an excelagent-if-you have subtlety behind." manner was unsuspicious, and this

d me. Bowing, I answered: have seen service, your excellency, have always rendered a good account

I am told," he replied. "You are a table man. You look and speak like leman, yet your record is shady, sir; he put in hurriedly, "I am not criti-War has its necessities. You read order given you yesterday?"

es, your excellency.' re you prepared to act on its sugges-

es, your excellency." stopped as if perplexed, and passed his

u were not successful in your mission folk! Why did you not report?" party was out of reach," I vennazarding the guess that he referred kidnaping business. "But I made slater. I have been ill from a wound, used, pointing to my sling, which all the excitement in leaving the

there in the city, and in connection with the larp to Newport?" he asked, locking at me and then away.

If expected to witness the collapse of the girl as the British general completed his sentence, but there came nothing of the sort. Arms I had not forgotten.

"It is feasible; it is easy, and you shall be well rewarded. Have you money?" "No, your excellency; I have nothing but

my promise of prize money. I am living on the credit of that." "Indeed! Have you the paper with you,

properly indorsed? For an answer I took it from my pocket and laid it before him, at the same time realizing with a start that the communication given to me the day before had been left in my room in the hurry of escaping from the tavern. He picked up the document I laid before him, glanced at it, and then, rising, went to a bookcase, which on being opened disclosed a small strong-box. This he unlocked, and taking from it several rouleaux of coin laid them on the table.

"You must have money; you cannot get ready without it. You will have many expenses. Listen! I shall not intrust you with a packet to General Pigot. The ven-ture is too hazardous. Tell him to hold Newport to the last extremity, and I will start to his relief within two weeks. I shall also communicate with him by land.

He arose again, and clasping his hands behind him walked up and down the floor. I saw that the man was wishing to come to a point against which just then he was shying, and, as time was an object to me, I hoped to help him over the difficulty by remarking:

"The matter of the cruise is plain enough, but your excellency hinted at seeret instructions."

"Yes, yes," he answered. "It was that I referred to a moment since." He hesitated, and then pointing to my arm, continued, "Perhaps your wound would cripple you for active service?"

"No, your excellency," I answered hurriedly; "it is about healed." "Will you, then—undertake to—to—in! short—to abduct a—a person and—and perhaps deliver her to Pigot?"

"It is a woman, then?" "It is a woman. In fact, my position is ter. She is troublesome to— Well, her brother is about to be executed. I wish to save her from this knowledge. Do you follow me? She is to be the victim of an rely on you? Then report for final details. Is there anything more?"

"Yes, your excellency, there is more. I shall need a pass. Some of my men are without the lines.

"Very good!" he returned, sitting down and pulling paper toward him, on which he wrote rapidly; then pushing the writing away, he began talking with the feather of the quill betwixt his teeth. "Here is your pass," said he, laying his

hand over the paper and looking hard at me, "and there is your gold. There is more come. No violence-no brute violence What would you do if necessity demanded your sinking the ship? If-if-if-The pen in his mouth gave his voice the

character of a snarl; his eyes flashed, and he bent forward cagerly. I caught a glimpse of the villainy of this man, and without winking promptly replied:
"Save myself, your honor!"

As though smitten by a revulsion of feeling, he started back and exclaimed:

"No! no! Not that! Great God! not quite so quick! What a tool you are! Is there no other way! Let me think; let it the meaning of this?"

The last remark was drawn from him by noise of controversy in the hall without, the sudden opening of the door, and the entry of a female unannounced. She was but before the door had fairly closed schind her, with a graceful move of her arm she uncovered her face, and I involuntarily came to my feet as I recognized the young girl whose beauty had struck me as I was bout leaving the Sprite.

Her eyes were red from weeping, and, indeed, the tears on her cheeks were as apparent as the few raindrops on her silken hood, as well as on her plain though elegant costume. Over her white brow and from under the back of her head covering there strayed a few locks of hair, which some might have cailed red, but red they were not, being the richest of auburn, and of such a nature that the damp of the air had curled them into a mass of crisp waves.

If tears were on her cheeks, there were none in her voice as she advanced before the Englishman. As she came to within a pace of him she halted, and demanded in a low, firm tone, which for all its firmness was

"Sir Henry Clinton, where is my brother?" Clinton dropped his eyes, while a heavy frown contracted his smooth forehead. For an instant he appeared about to give way to temper, but finally unpuckered his brows and replied easily, as though patronizing a

"My dear Miss Gertrude, you must ask your aunt.' "Call your Mrs. Badely no aunt of mine,

Sir Henry. She may be my guardian, but none of her blood flows in my veins. Be that as it may, sir, she has but this moment referred me to you. My brother has been gone a week. You have promised each day that I should see him the next. Sir Henry, where is my brother?'

The decidedly defiant tone of the last demand made me wonder at the audacity of the speaker, but instead of arousing the temper of the man to whom it was addressed, it made him rather draw into himself, though not without an effort at self-control. Again he arose and paced the floor behind his desk, but finally stopping in his walk, took a long breath as if he had arrived at a determina-

tion, and suddenly turning to me, said: "Capt. Lounsbury, the plan I mentioned will remain in abeyance.-My dear Gertrude," he continued, addressing the girl, "I have been trying to save you from pain, but, as you will have the truth, I will give it to you. Your brother has been discovered acting in the interests of the enemy. His offense was clear, and he has acknowledged it. He was arrested one week ago this day. He was tried fairly, convicted, and sentenced to be hanged as a spy. Yesterday he perished in the fire at Cruger's Wharf before the sen-

tence could be execute Now at these words I guessed this was the girl whom I had been expected to kidnap and make way with, and my first impulse quickly controlled, was to blurt out the fact of her own danger. It had become plain, however, that Clinton could not screw his courage to going the length of even indi rectly taking her life, much as he wished for some reason to be rid of her. It was strongly forced on me that he was being used as a cat's-paw by the woman who was known to powerfully influence his actions, even to the extent of altering the plans of a campaign. As he finished his statement, I knew he had told the girl an untruth, or he had been lying to me, as he had informed me that the brother was about to be hanged, no mention having been made of his death by fire. Instantly there came to mind my encounter safety of the gallant girl, and yet my head

"Yes, your excellency, if it be feasible." | Instead, she stood tall and graceful, with lips | see her canonized. Do your own dirty apart and eyes widely strained. Her color faded a trifle, but after a breath or two she answered-stoutly:

"Gen. Clinton, that is false! My brother held no communication with anyone beyond the lines at Kingsbridge. You have overshot your mark. It was I, sir, who informed Gen. Washington of your intended movement into the Jerseys, but my poor brother has been doomed because he is in possession of facts which would compromise Sir Henry Clinton were they known abroad. I, too, know them. Work your will on me, a girl -I care not; but if you injure a hair of the head of Beverly, all England shall know how Mr. Henry Clinton obtained his knighthood, together with other matters which would make interesting reading. [Two years before, Gen. Clinton had challenged Lord George Germain, of the British ministry. In fear of his life, Germain promised Clinton a title and the command of the army in America if he would withdraw the challenge. Clinton did so, obtained leave of absence from America, went to London and was knighted by the king. Returning, he succeeded Gen. Howe, who resigned shortbefore the evacuation of Philadelphia. The affair caused great scandal at the time.] By his appearance, here is doubtless one of your familiars," she went on, indicating me by a fine look of intense scorn. "Order him to apprehend and make way with Gertrude King, who, by the help of God, has been, is now, and always will be, devoted to her own land and its liberties!" As she uttered these words she was sub-

lime. Her figure swayed slightly, her eyes sparkled, and her voice rang like a bell. There was no effect of bravado, but it was apparent that with her there had come a crisis, and she had thrown off her mask, either because it was no longer of use or for the purpose of sacrificing herself for her brother. Her great beauty, her youth, her fearlessness-ay, even the grace of her pose, set off by her faultless costume gave weight to the words which on her listeners prodelicate-I must not be known in the mat- duced profound though widely differing

emotions. My own first feeling was that of utter insignificance as I marked her great courage and heard the inspiring eloquence of her last unauthorized outrage; the motive to be your own. No ill treatment, no unnecessary violence, of course. You shall be paid—

sentence; my next that, if necessary, I would risk my life to assist her if my way to do so was made plain. My admiration, violence, of course. You shall be paid—
you shall be well paid. Get the boat
ready—be ready within five days. Can I
nost moved to defy Clinton to his face there
and then when that party exposed the spirit most moved to defy Clinton to his face there in which he had listened.

He had halted and whirled about as she threw at him the falsity of his statement, and as she progressed, his face turned from white to red and from red to purple. On her finishing, he hung a moment as though to gather the full import of her words, and then banged his fist on the table as he ex-

"You doubly damned rebel wench! You How dare you use such language here and to me? So you have taken advantage of your housing with- My God! what a fool your aunt has been! Madam," he suddenly thundered, "you are under arrest-"

"Sir," she said, cutting him short, "if I am, I will be released. You have now an opportunity to confiscate my property as will also go to enrich your paramour. You have taken me for a child, but I am not the helpless girl you think me. I know your rictives. They are money, and fear, and Mrs. Badely. And now I have but one de-mand, Gen. Sir Henry Clinton, and one more statement. Your personal secrets are rest as it is until you report .- Ah! what is safe with me conditionally, and my property you are welcome to, as you will but hold it until the right prevails; but this I will have now-a pass beyond your lines at Kingsbridge. The statement will simply show the extent of your falsity and the ease with which it is overcome. My brother-

At that moment the hall door for a second time was thrown open violently by a female and now it was Mrs. Badely who reentered There was no affectation about her as she hurried in and closed it behind her. With her hand on the knob, her face blanched to an ash color, and her whole figure tren bling, she pointed to the defiant girl and burst out:

"She is a traitor! she is a traitor! Let her not go hence! O Sir Henry! Sir Henry! he has escaped! He has been back and—taken

She got no further, but, tottering slightly, gradually sank to the floor in a real or pretende ! faint.

CHAPTER X.

THE HEROISM OF GERTRUDE KING. Gen. Clinton stood as if stricken with catalepsy, while I sprang to Mrs. Badely Discarding the useless disguise, I threw my sling from me and, lifting the lady, bore her to the couch. As her aunt sank to the floor the girl had given a vielent start, and, as though taking for granted that the escaped party referred to was her brother, raised her hands and exclaimed fervently. "Thank God! thank God!" Then the emotion she had bravely suppressed when her misfortune seemed at its height overcame her on the relaxation of the strain, and she broke into a torrent of tears.

Giving no further attention to Mrs. Badely, I turned and looked at Clinton. He had sunk into his chair, and was undergoing a strong inward struggle, but the expression of his face boded little good to the girl who still stood before him. In a moment straightened himself, and pointing to the weeping maiden, sternly said:

"Capt. Lounsbury, call my orderly, and see that this woman is placed in confinement. Report to me when it is done.

It appeared that the moment had arrived when I must declare myself, for to allow this heroic girl to suffer the indignity of arrest while I could prevent it, was not in my books. I was about to turn on him with my answer when she lifted her head, and, directing her wet eyes toward Clinton, said as firmly as she had before spoken:

"Gen. Clinton, I care little for what you may do to me. The only load I had has been lifted. My brother is free! Listen to me! He was never arrested as a spy, never tried in any court, never condemned to be hanged! I knew he was to be secretly removed from his prison; of that I was informed by one of your own officers, and I came here to demand his whereabouts. Is not my so-called beauty as powerful for my interests as your commands for yours? Look to yourself, Sir Knight! What I know of you will find a ready ear, but, Sir Henry Clinton, you will scarce have the courage to demand an earldom from the one who hears

The utterly fearless way in which she spoke, coupled with sarcasm and a taunt the nature of which I then knew nothing, drove the British general into a fury. Springing to his feet and again slamming the table, he

"Arrest her, sir! Arrest her instantly! Stop her vile mouth! Good God! am I to be thus bearded by a self-confessed trait-

By this I had gotten to a ritch of spirits that ripened me for any deed insuring the with the scorched patriot, and I instinctive- was left clear enough to see the possible

sentence, but there came nothing of the sort. I nor see her arrested here; rather would I utter 296 words a minute.

"Hell and furies!" he thundered, fairly bounding from the floor. "What means this treason? You are under arrest yourself,

What, sir! you defy me?" As he spoke he moved from behind the table and took a couple of strides toward the hall; but seeing his intention was to call the sentry, and that for me it was now the whole pace or the scaffold, in an instant I was ahead of him, and, quickly locking the door, threw the key through the open win-

I was none too soon. Through the heavy mahogany I heard the approach of hurried footsteps, and the knob twisted while yet my hand was on it.

With an oath Clinton turned toward the table and grasped his sword; but again I anticipated his action and was before him. Laying my left hand on the weapon, pressed it down, while with my right I pushed him into his chair and held him there. He paled as though fearing immediate assassination, and gasped, then after a fruitless effort at freeing himself, he shouted

"What! Capt. Lounsbury, would you mur der your commander?"

I rapidly shifted my grip, and to prevent his further clamoring placed my hand over his mouth, pinning his head fast to the back

of the chair. "Call me not Lounsbury!" I exclaimed in my excitement. "I have been damned by that name weeks enough! Know me as Donald Thorndyke, an enemy to the king.

-Quick, now!" said I turning to the girl. "Here is a pass ready written. Get awayout of the window! I will cover your go-And with that I snatched the writing from the table and held it toward her.

By this time there was a violent knocking at the door and some shouting in the hall. but, taking no notice of the shortness of time allowed for her escape, the girl stepped close to me, and, peering into my face with undisguised surprise upon her own counten-

"Are you from Washington?" "Nay, miss," I answered, "I am but a free-lance; not from him, but for him to the end. Hurry your leaving, and God bless you for a brave lass!"

"But you-but you! Must I take the sacrifice?

"I am already known and outlawed. Hurry! Heaven help the first man who enters this room now! If you would prevent bloodshed, leave at once. I will follow betimes. Live for your brother's sake! Get

gone-get gone!' Taking the paper I had pushed into her hand, she gave me a smile that was a benediction, the memory of which comes to me as I write. Turning, she hastened to the balcony. I saw her gather her skirts, climb over the light iron rail and drop-a matter easily accomplished, as the window sill was a scarce six feet from the soil of the gar-

And then I turned attention to myself and my own desperate situation.

There was nothing to do but follow her immediately if I hoped to escape, but, knowing that every second's delay helped the maiden, I still held the general so that he could neither cry out nor prove aggressive, and so continued holding him for perhaps the space of a minute.

In the meantime the attacks on the door were becoming more violent, and even the one through which Clinton had entered was now being tried. Mrs. Badely, who had been unattended through the episode, suddenly recovered her senses and lifted herself upright on the couch, when, seeing me apparently strangling her lover, she set up a shrieking that must have driven to desperation those without.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

STUCK TO HIM.

The Annoying Experience of an English Bishop with a Horsy Station Master.

A certain bishop, in traveling through

his diocese had occasion to change at

a wayside junction. While waiting for his train, he seized the opportunity of making friends with the station-master. One of the kindest-hearted men, he was very fond of trying to enter into the varied interests of those with whom he came in contact. However, on this occasion he did not find it easy to discover the exact topic in which his new friend was interested. So reluctantly he fell back on his particular "shop." i. e., the traffic. "I suppose, with the race meeting taking place to-day, there has been some very heavy traffic on your line?" Inadvertently, the bishop had indeed struck the station-master's weakest point-not the traffic, but racing. So for the next quarter of an hour he listened in his kindly way to the various merits of the horses engaged in the St. Leger, and the chances of success. At last, to the bishop's great relief. it must be admitted, the train arrived. and, shaking hands with his racing friend, he got into a carriage. He had not traveled very far, however, when, the train having pulled up, he heard the station-master's voice, asking if the bishop of -- was in the train. Hastily the bishop declared his presence. Of course, his fellow-passengers in the third-class carriage (it was the bishop's boast that he always traveled third) were on the qui vive to know what the station-master wanted with the bishop, while quite a little knot of spectators gathered around the carriage window. Up comes the official, making a prodigious salute to the great ecclesiastical dignity. "I've just received a wire, my ord, from the station master at -asking me to tell your lordship that Donovan won the Leger." - Cornhill Magazine.

Goldsmith's Extinguisher. Goldsmith read much after he bad retired, and at other times when not disposed to read and was unable to sleep, he would lie in bed thinking. The candie was kept burning at such times, and his original mode of extinguishing it was characteristic of the careless and ease-loving genius. He flung his slipper at it, which, in consequence, was found in the morning besmeared with grease .- Detroit Free

An Infant Philosopher.

Friend-He is a bright child, isn't he? Papa-Bright? Why be has learned already that perseverance overcomes obstacles, and he makes himself a puisance until he gets what he wants'

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